NUMB. CL.

The GUARDIAN.

Admiranda canam levium ſpectacula rerum. Virg.

Saturday, September 5. 1713.

THERE is no Paſſion which ſteals into the Heart more imperceptibly, and covers it ſelf under more Diſguiſes, than Pride. For my own part, I think if there is any Paſſion or Vice which I am wholly a Stanger to, it is this; tho', at the ſame time, perhaps this very Judgment which I form of my ſelf, proceeds in ſome meaſure from this corrupt Principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that Sentence in Holy Writ, *Pride was not made for Man.* There is not indeed any ſingle view of human Nature under its preſent Condition, which is not ſufficient to extinguiſh in us all the ſecret Seeds of Pride; and, on the contrary to ſink the Soul into the loweſt State of Humility, and what the School-men call Self-Annihilation. Pride was not made for Man, as he is,

1. A Sinful,

2. An Ignorant,

3. A Miſerable Being.

There is nothing in his Underſtanding, in his Will, or in his preſent Condition, that can tempt any conſiderate Creature to Pride or Vanity.

(Price Two Pence.)

Theſe three very Reaſons why he ſhould not be Proud, are notwithſtanding the Reaſons why he is ſo. Were not he a Sinful Creature, he would not be ſubject to a Paſſion which riſes from the Depravity of his Nature; were he not an Ignorant Creature, he would ſee that he has nothing to be Proud of; and were not the whole Species Miſerable, he would not have thoſe wretched Objects of Compariſon before his Eyes, which are the Occaſions of this Paſſion, and which make one Man value himſelf more than another.

A wiſe Man will be contented that his Glory be deferred till ſuch time as he ſhall be truly glorified; when his Underſtanding ſhall be cleared, his Will rectified, and his Happineſs aſſured; or in other Words, when he ſhall be neither Sinful, nor Ignorant, nor Miſerable.

If there be any thing which makes human Nature appear *ridiculous* to Beings of ſuperior Faculties, it muſt be Pride. They know ſo well the Vanity of thoſe imaginary Perfections that ſwell the Heart of Man, and of thoſe little ſupernumerary Advantages, whether in Birth, Fortune, or Title, which one Man enjoys above another, that it muſt certainly very much aſtoniſh, if it does not very much divert them, when they ſee a Mortal puffed up, and valuing

valuing himſelf above his Neighbours on any of theſe Accounts, at the ſame time that he is obnoxious to all the common Calamities of the Species.

To ſet this Thought in its true Light, we will fancy, if you pleaſe, that yonder Mole-hill is inhabited by reaſonable Creatures, and that every Piſmire (his Shape and way of Life only excepted) is endowed with human Paſſions. How ſhould we ſmile to hear one give us an Account of the Pedigrees, Diſtinctions, and Titles that reign among them! Obſerve how the whole Swarm divide and make way for the Piſmire that paſſes through them. You muſt underſtand he is an Emmit of Quality, and has better Blood in his Veins than any Piſmire in the Mole-hill. Don't you ſee how ſenſible he is of it, how ſlow he marches forward, how the whole Rabble of Ants keep their Diſtance? Here you may obſerve one placed upon a little Eminence, and looking down on a long Row of Labourers. He is the richeſt Inſect on this ſide the Hillock, he has a Walk of half a Yard in length and a quarter of an Inch in Breadth, he keeps a hundred menial Servants, and has at leaſt fifteen Barley-Corns in his Granary. He is now chiding and beſlaving the Emmit that ſtands before him, and who, for all that we can diſcover, is as good an Emmit as himſelf.

But here comes an Inſect of Figure! don't you take notice of a little white Straw that he carries in his Mouth? That Straw, you muſt underſtand, he would not part with for the longeſt Track about the Mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchaſe it! See how the Ants of all Qualities and Conditions ſwarm about him. Should this Straw drop out of his Mouth, you would ſee all this numerous Circle of Attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the diſcarded Inſect, or run over his Back, to come at his Succeſſor.

If now you have a mind to ſee all the Ladies of the Mole-hill, obſerve firſt the Piſmire that liſtens to the Emmit on her left Hand, at the ſame time that ſhe ſeems to turn away her Head from him. He tells this poor Inſect that ſhe is a Goddeſs, that her Eyes are brighter than the Sun, that Life and Death are at her Diſpoſal. She believes him, and gives herſelf a thouſand little Airs upon it. Mark the Vanity of the Piſmire on your Left Hand. She can ſcarce crawl with Age, but you muſt know ſhe values her ſelf upon her Birth; and if you mind, ſpurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble Coquett that is running along by the ſide of her, is a Wit. She has broke many a Piſmire's Heart. Do but obſerve what a drove of Lovers are running after her.

We will here finiſh this imaginary Scene; but firſt of all to draw the Parallel cloſer, will ſuppoſe, if you pleaſe, that Death comes down upon the Mole-hill, in the Shape of a Cock Sparrow, who picks up, without Diſtinction, the Piſmire of Quality and his Flatterers, the Piſmire of Subſtance and his Day-Labourers, the White-Straw Officer and his Sycophants, with all the Goddeſſes, Wits, and Beauties of the Mole-hill.

May we not imagine that Beings of ſuperior Natures and Perfections regard all the Inſtances of Pride and Vanity, among our own Species, in the ſame kind of View, when they take a Survey of thoſe who inhabit the Earth; or, in the Language of an ingenious *French* Poet, of thoſe Piſmires that People this Heap of Dirt, which human Vanity has divided into Climates and Regions.

ERRATA, In Yeſterday's *Guardian. Col.* 4. *Line* 39. for *ſometimes uſual* read *uſual enough.*

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